

THE FACE OF ROSENTEL.

CHARLES HOWARD MONTAGUE.
THE STORY OF THE DEEDS OF THE BELLAS.
THE STORY OF A REVELATION.

CHAPTER XII. A DREAMFUL NIGHT.

The midnight figure of the somber Dye went on along the snow covered pavement alone. Miss Maxey no longer followed him.

Instead of that she walked boldly up from the area door into the street, ascended the brownstone steps and pulled the bell. This was the result of her reflections in the cold dark. She would see this high bred acquaintance of the mysterious man, convince her of the urgency of the case, threaten her if need be and learn from her if she could who and what he was.

It was not without a conscious dread and shuddering that she took the tentative step in this determined project. She had been rather inclined to consider herself as lacking in executive ability, but now she had to go the whole way until an emergency arises to test us. After she had let go the handle which summoned the servant to the door she was taken with a fit of trembling and began to consider whether she had better not run away while there was yet time.

The instant the servant appeared and she had spoken to her, her courage returned, the trembling left her. She could not understand what had so frightened her moment before. But the sentiment which came to take the place of the dread and the fear was soon changed from that of bravery to surprise and bewilderment. As the house seemed deserted of a door plate, Miss Maxey felt much up her mind to ask, like a peevish or a beggar, for the lady of the house. Her stare had been answered with surprising alacrity by a maid in a white cap, who now, hardly waiting for her to open her lips, said in a low voice:

"You want to see my lady? Yes, she is waiting for you. Come up. This way."

The next moment the door closed behind her, and Miss Maxey was in the house. Her heart was beating rapidly. What did this mean? Had the woman suspected her, watched her? Did she know how she had followed her carriage and had hidden under the steps of the adjoining house? Had Mr. Dye had it come to her?

"Come right with me," said the maid in the same low tone when she had closed the door.

She began to ascend the broad, richly carpeted staircase which led to the floor above. Miss Maxey, startled and confused, followed. Having reached the head of the flight, the maid went along the spacious hall toward the rear of the house and turned into a narrower passage running at right angles. The light was dim. It was with difficulty that the artist's sister could see her way. The maid knocked at a door. Immediately there was a rustle within, followed by the sound of a key turning in the lock. The door opened cautiously a little way, and a woman's voice said:

"Is it she?"

"Yes," the maid answered.

"Do quick," said the voice.

The maid laid her hand upon Miss Maxey's shoulder, and in her eagerness to enforce the order urged her, almost pushed her, through the doorway. Miss Maxey suddenly found herself in a glare of light that dazzled her eyes. This fact and the realization that the door was instantly closed and locked constituted her first impressions. Immediately the strong and to her sickening smell of ether choked her with its intensity, and she saw the room and all that it contained.

It was a bed-chamber, expensive and luxurious in all its appointments. Great mirrors, a costly dressing table, elegant but sensuous pictures, rugs that would have been a wealth of delight and warmth to the feet—nothing was wanting that an epicurean taste could suggest and money could purchase. But for all that the furniture was disarranged and disordered as if some unaccounted disturbance had been drawn out into the center of the floor. The lace curtains with which it had been surrounded were torn from their places and lay in a confused heap on the floor. A table stood near the bed. Upon it were several sponges, a bowl containing water deeply tinged with blood, a chafing dish with a red-hot curling iron apparently forgotten in it.

The sight of this last instrument affected Miss Maxey more deeply than anything else. Despite the powerful fumes of the ether she thought she detected a more dreadful odor still, as of burning flesh. On the bed, not in it, dressed in a loose wrapper, which was still further loosened at the neck to give her all possible ease of breathing, lay the pretty young woman whom Miss Maxey had seen with the elder in the carriage, pale now and leaning about in a silly, idiotic way. Miss Maxey knew instinctively that she was under the influence of ether. She was very faintly dressed and had been covered with a sheet apparently, but in her convulsive motions had displaced it. Miss Maxey's frightened glance fancied she detected spots of blood upon the cloth.

All this, not more the powerful total than the smallest detail of the scene, rushed in upon Miss Maxey's horrified sense with the suddenness and the power of a thunderbolt. In those few moments she saw that which a lifetime will not efface.

Then she became aware that another face, as pale and startled as her own, was at her side, regarding her in speechless consternation. Even before she turned toward it she knew that this face was the handsome, disdainful face that had looked forth on the trembling Dye from the carriage. She realized this in one instant. In the next the woman had caught her by the wrist, had with excited roughness pulled her about so that she faced her, and demanded in a voice in which anger and fear seemed to be sharply commingled:

"What do you mean? How dare you come in here?"

Oh, how strongly it came to Miss Maxey now—the feeling that she had

seen this face somewhere before! And yet it seemed almost impossible that it should be so. Strange that she could not make this feeling seem reasonable and yet could by no effort drive it away. The woman was dark, handsome, of queenly presence, though there was even a masculine air of firmness about the face and a nose too prominent for perfect symmetry. Her beauty was of a wayward, voluptuous kind and had in it neither classic purity nor refinement, and yet so strongly did these same dominant impressions manifest themselves to the beholder in the younger face upon the bed, despite the unnatural



The woman had caught her by the wrist.

expression and the silly leer, that Miss Maxey was almost ready to declare the relationship between them that of mother and daughter.

Even these reflections passed like a flash through Miss Maxey's intuitive mind while she stood bewilderingly returning the fierce look of the woman who held her by the wrist. The silence only exaggerated the questioner. Her nervous hold on the arm tightened, and she said in a lower but still more intense voice:

"Do you hear me? Who are you? What do you want?"

"Do not blame me," said Miss Maxey at last in a voice the clearness and steadiness of which surprised herself. "It is not my fault that I am in this room. I asked only to see you. The servant brought me, I might almost say dragged me, here."

"The idiot! The idiot!" cried the woman, with more anger, but not less suspicion. "This imposter will cost her place. Whom did you wish to see?"

"You, madam."

"Did you have chosen an odd hour for your call?" The woman breathed painfully in her agitation, dropped Miss Maxey's arm and tore open the door in a fever of haste.

"There!" she cried. "This is not my reception room! If, my little fool, show this lady down stairs."

The frightened servant, who appeared, obeyed her. Ellen followed her to the floor below. As she descended the stairs she passed an elderly female, with an energetic stride, coming up. Ellen was very sure the newcomer went into the chamber from which she had just come, and she thought:

"That is the person, whoever she may be, for whom I was mistaken."

Miss Maxey was conducted to a dreary reception room on the first floor. The gas was lighted, and she was left alone with her reflections. She sank into a chair. A long time, a very long time elapsed. She heard many footsteps go along the hall outside her door before any one thought again to turn the handle. She listened with all her power. She even held her breath. The sight she had seen in the chamber had made so powerful an impression upon her that it almost seemed to be before her still. She did not understand it, but the very mystery made the possibilities so much the more dreadful. What was the nature of the strange horror she had surprised?

Who was the fashionable woman who had such curious acquaintances in the outer world, who sheltered such nameless anomalies under her roof?

Miss Maxey was a young woman who had been protected from the rough breath of the great world from her infancy, to whom evil in all its greater and more repulsive forms had always seemed unreal and dreamlike, but yet as she sat there in that silent room her active mind, busy with the logic of the events of the past few hours, saw before it such possibilities of the depth of human depravity as made her tremble for the powers of her own imagination. What did it mean? What could it mean? The pretty girl who but a few hours before had been riding for pleasure in her post-rig and harness? The other, the red-hot curling iron, the smell of burning flesh? Miss Maxey's mind reeled in the fancies of what it might mean, and yet in the midst of it all she was aware of a latent impression that nothing in all these wild speculations was plausible enough to be the truth.

What a hazardous, foolish thing this following of Mr. Dye had proved! Was it not an unalloyed blunder, and might she not live to regret having committed it? A vague fear haunted her.

The time came when her reflections were interrupted. She heard no warning step in the hall outside. The knob turned quietly. The door swung noiselessly, and she whom she had come into the house to see came in.

The woman was exceedingly pale, and her eyes seemed unnaturally large. There was a slight trembling of her hands, but no tremble of the lip. She spoke at once upon her entrance in a disdainful manner and a steady voice:

"To whom have I the honor of speaking?"

"I wanted to ask you a few questions."

"Oh, indeed! Well, I can relieve you of any further necessity of waiting on that score. I shall not answer questions addressed to me by a person who desires to remain unknown."

There were the most bitter irony and contempt in the tone of this speech. But for all that the hand trembled still, though it was laid upon the back of a cushioned chair to steady it.

Ellen arose at once, reddening in spite of herself.

"I have no means to force you," she said quietly. "We are at least on an equal footing. I do not know you any better than you know me."

The woman caught her breath in a painful way.

"You do not know my name, and yet you are in my house?"

"I came into your house because I saw a person about whom I am very anxious to know come out of it. I mean Mr. Dye."

The woman gasped again. Her eyes were fixed upon Ellen's face with burning intensity. She did not even attempt to speak. Ellen went on:

"That man is a very much interested in it. It is a family matter. I am aware that I did a very bold thing, and I heartily apologize for my rudeness, but my reasons for wishing to know are so very urgent that they led me to overstep the bounds of social custom. I thought if you had no objections to telling me what you know of that man, the information would be very valuable to me. If you do object, I can only say again what I said before, that I am sorry for my intrusion, and so."

Ellen's voice as she went on grew stronger till it had almost a defiant ring. The woman answered her, with forced composure:

"You saw this fellow—I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance—you say, come out of my house. I know nothing about him, and I know equally little about you. Your story is very suspicious. If he is a thief and you an accomplice, it will be well to let this matter go at once to the police."

The blood rushed into Ellen's face. She spoke impulsively:

"Are you very sure, madam, that you fear the police less than I?"

If Ellen had had any idea of the effect of her words, she would not have uttered them. The woman flew into a fit of momentary passion, which caused Miss Maxey to tremble for her personal safety. She turned aside pale even to the lips. She danced upon the floor like an unruly child. She took a step toward Ellen, changed her mind suddenly, seized a costly ornament from the center table and dashed it to atoms on the marble before the fireplace.

This extraordinary action, the fact that destruction in some form had followed her wrath, seemed to appease her in a degree. When the act was done, she stood gazing at Ellen a moment and then with a quick rush of silk left the room.

Ellen would have followed her and made the best of her way out of the house, but the strange creature came back so quickly that she stopped her upon the threshold of the apartment.

She had succeeded in calming herself and even looked at Ellen with a tinge of fear in her big eyes. Her voice trembled in spite of all she could do as she said:

"You insulted me, or I should apologize to you. I should have sent you away without a word the moment you told me that you desired to know my identity but for the fact that the stupidity of a servant makes it necessary for me to explain a trifling matter. An unfortunate accident happened to a protégé of mine this afternoon, and the remedies were so powerful that ether was used. The doctor was called away before the effects of the ether had passed off. I was afraid and sent for a lady physician in whom I have great confidence, who first but a few doors below. The servant, expecting her at the moment of your arrival, showed you up. Do you understand this, that you set so foolish stories about? Mind that you do not, for the child will be herself again tomorrow to contradict you. That is all good afternoon."

"One moment, madam. If I should send somebody here who would tell you who I am and who he is and why we wish to know, would you?"

Ellen hesitated. She was really afraid of this woman.

"Well, would I?" said the haughty voice, and there was a look of affected surprise and incredulity in the cynical face.

"Would you tell me what you know about Mr. Dye?"

"You insult me to my face after what I have told you!" The woman stamped her foot upon the floor, uttered with fierce emphasis the single supplemental syllable "Not!" and swept out of Miss Maxey's sight.

A servant bowed Miss Maxey out with grave politeness, and the heavy door closed after her.

It was over, and she felt like a child. For a moment a great weakness in all her body seemed about to cause her to fall down. She clung to the door for support. As she did so she noticed a tiny silver doorknob just under the bell handle, which had before escaped her eye. With feverish impatience she bent down and scrutinized the delicate tracery thereon in the light from the street lamp. The force of what she read rendered her for the moment incapable of thought or action. It was the simple name "Fonythe."

And this was the house 16 Livingston street! It was no longer a problem where she had seen that handsome face. It was the original of the medallion which Dr.

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—Is made from all the diseases that come from tainted blood. It is a tonic to vigorous action, the blood purified and the system braced up with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Language and loss of appetite, with or without indigestion, warn you that grave illness are close behind. The "Discovery" will sharpen the appetite, improve digestion and restore health. A positive cure for "Liver Complaints," Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and Biliousness.

Dr. J. P. McADAMS, of Elm College, N. C., writes: "A lot of my symptoms were, heart-burn and indigestion, sometimes after eating, sometimes after lying in bed, sometimes after a walk, sometimes after a ride. I was weak, nervous, and had a great deal of trouble. After taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, I feel better than I have for many years."

Dr. J. P. McADAMS, Esq., writes: "I feel better than I have for many years."

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Lamar during that memorable sleigh ride on the sea road had told her bore the features of the woman he was to marry.

"I must never tell! I must never tell! I have dared to do so. Never. He would be terribly displeased. But, none the less, it is my duty to warn Dr. Lamar. How? I do not know. But one thing I do know. Whatever may be the result of this sad complication, whatever happens, I never will do the foolish thing again that I have done today. Whatever comes, I have done with playing the detective."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

Americans Should Get There Often—Garden Party Gowns For Such Outings.

In spite of the fog, frequent rain and remarkable uncertainty of climate, out of door amusements are exceedingly popular in England. The English spend a large proportion of their sunny summer days in boating, picnicking, making excursions to points of interest and attending or giving lawn parties. It seems rather odd that Americans, who have in general a far brighter and more dependable climate to count upon, do not take more kindly to open air diversions. They play tennis, to be sure, but that is almost the only out of door recreation in which they indulge as a class.

The French and Germans, whose climate is more like our own, are also open air people and delight to be out of doors even though inanimate nature be represented only by a stunted grassy or the trellised vegetable of a restaurant. It is curious that the inhabitants of this young



GARDEN PARTY GOWN.

country, which is yet in its childhood, should have lost the primal desire for sylvan surroundings which is still felt in all its free by nations hoary with antiquity. The shopgirls of Paris spend their weekly holiday in the suburbs, where they can see green fields and drink their thin wine under a leafy lattice, but American men and women of the same class rush to the most crowded thoroughfares of the city on Sunday to find their recreation and enjoyment. When they enter the public parks, they throng the edges of the drives and stroll the crowd in the main paths, ignoring the small green alleys and leafy nooks within their reach. It is not a desire for out of doors that inspires them, but the craving to be a part of the jostling mass of humanity for which there is no room under cover.

It is the same with the wealthier classes. The most crowded mountain and seaside carnivals are the most attractive to the summer visitor. Except for the daily sea-bath or sentimental sunset walk, the guests spend their days in devouring the venues or billiard rooms and their nights in dancing in overheated halls.

They do these things better in France. They associate with pastoral nature there, although they make her wear rouge and high heels. Even the modest design their prettiest gowns to be worn against the background she spreads for them. A sketch is given of a gown suitable for a lawn party. It is of lattice green and white china silk draped with white liberty satin. The garniture is of guipure, with violet velvet rosettes.

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HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

What Charles the First's Physician Did—And What Modern Chemists and Discoverers Are Doing.

Thousands of people saw Charles I. beheaded in 1649. It was a great show a genuine tragedy, and free to the public.

Yet in all that crowd there was but one man who knew why the blood spurted from the severed arteries in the monarch's neck. That was Dr. Harvey, the King's physician. He had announced the circulation of the blood in 1628, he started a tremendous scandal. People called him a fool, a meddler; a madman. They said he ought to be sent to the block.

What a lucky thing it was that the Puritans chopped off the king's head instead of Harvey's! A king more or less doesn't matter, but a thinker more or less does.

Thank mercy, it's safer now to tell new truth than it was 250 years ago. That's why we are not afraid to publish these letters, nor to talk freely about what they mean.

First: "I have a sister—a young lady of 21 years. She has been troubled with constipation in the worst form; also with catarrh of the stomach and bowels and prostration of the nerves. She suffered everything short of death, and would break down in nervous crying fits. She spent much money with doctors in Chicago and Ludington, but none of them was able to help her. We saw some statements in the papers, and resolved to try the new pre-digested food remedy. Previous to that time she found nothing that would move her bowels without the aid of a syringe.

"But what a change! Paskola, the new pre-digested food, is doing wonderful work with her. Although up to date, she has taken it only about a week the trembling has stopped, she is regular twice a day and has no crying spells. Her sleep, which has been broken and wretched, is now sound and refreshing. She eats heartily and feels like another person. We are so thankful, and I feel it my duty to make known the facts. Yours, etc. Sidney C. Guy, Ludington, Mich., March 26, 1894."

Another: "I began taking Paskola Jan. 1, 1894. I had been sick in bed seven or eight weeks and could not turn myself in bed without help. I had no appetite—could take nothing but a little milk and water, and even that was hard work. But the doctor said I must have some nourishment. I was growing weaker and weaker, and my friends and the doctor thought I must go down.

"The first dose of Paskola gave a little appetite and I began to revive. My strength increased so that in a week from the time I took the first dose I weighed 83 pounds, and the next week I weighed 88 pounds, and the next week I weighed 93 pounds; so you can see how run down I was, I feel my strength increasing every day. For years I have suffered with indigestion and constipation, and had doctors and taken this and that without avail. I can now truly say that with the help of the good Lord Paskola has done a wonderful work for me. Yours truly, J. Calvin Bernard, London, N. H., Feb. 14, 1894."

Paskola is not a medicine at all, but an artificially digested starch food which (because it is digested in advance) leaves the tired and perhaps abused digestive organs to rest and get well, while the body grows strong and plump on Paskola and other food taken with it and digested by it.

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We don't know. Why were men 5,000 years finding out the fact that the blood circulates in the human body? Yet there, the truth was hammering away inside of them, all the while.

But one thing is sure. Having discovered at last that disease—functional disturbances through malnutrition—is cured, not by sending poisonous drugs amuck through the system, but by means of Paskola, we shall continue to announce the truth, and the pale, thin, weak, run-down and emaciated will continue to the new food remedy, get well and write thankful letters.

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